

Shadow of the Wreath

We do our best to escape
the shadow of the wreath.

 Nothin' but a losin' battle.

Our hearts we dye in grey,
with fate we stain and streak.

 Colors of imbalance.

Death is a lengthy day
that all will fully know.

The end will come before
 or after

in the moon or through the snow.

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the shadow of the wreath.